

Waas Still In The Lead.

With what! Why, with a New 100 Cigar, the "Concordia" Leader, so called because it was made for that society in the first place. Nothing but the best will suit the leading singing society of the state. The W. D. 100 and the Little and Big Prize of Waterbury, Victoria and Top of the Heap 50, hold their own. Cigars and Tobacco wholesale and retail.

M. H. WAAS,

COR. GRAND AND CANAL STREETS.

SAMPLE ROOM.

JOHN NOLAN, 80 East Main St., choice liquors, wines, ales and lagers, foreign and domestic cigars. Give me a call.

DURING THE HOLIDAYS

Martin Hellmann

WILL HAVE FOR SALE

Extra Vienna Double Beer.

Procure your orders early.

James E. Watts,

SAMPLE ROOM

106 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Jones' Portsmouth Ale,

Schaefer's Wiener Beer,

Splendid Sweet Cider

Bottled for family use and delivered to any part of the city.

J. W. Hodson,

Telephone. IS EXCHANGE PLACE

HARVEY BROS.,

Sample Room, Billiard & Pool Tables.

11 West Main Street.

DURAND,

Successor to OTTO OCHSNER.

Ladies And Gents Restaurant,

Meals to order at all hours.

First Class Dinner for 25 cents.

165 BANK STREET.

SELLING OUT AT COST.

Parlor Stoves and Ranges at cost

EASY TERMS, LOW PRICES

New and second-hand Furniture bought

sold and exchanged by

M. EHRLICH,

53 EAST MAIN STREET.

DEAFNESS

Its Causes and Cure.

Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide

reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely

cured, of from 20 to 30 years standing, after all

other treatments have failed. How the difficulty

is reached and the cause removed, fully ex-

plained in circulars with affidavits and testi-

monial of cures from prominent people, mailed

free. Dr. A. Fontaine, 34 West 14th St., N. Y.

Park Market.

Do You Know Where the Park Market is?

Well! The Park Market is No. 10 North

Main street. It is the cleanest, neatest

and sweetest market in the city, and Meats

of the very best quality will be kept.

Poultry, etc. (dame in the season. Vege-

tables fresh every day. Prices the lowest.

Park Market.

M. & W. A. GUILFOILE,

No. 10 North Main St.

NOTICE.

Those that owe me livery bills,

money loaned, notes, etc., will please

settle the same at once. All bills that

have run over three months I will

make 50 cents on the dollar. If you

can not pay that, call and get a re-

ceipt. Respectfully Yours,

S. A. Wheeler.

R. E. HITCHCOCK & Co

87 to 90 CANAL ST. WATERBURY.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

FINE - PAPER - BOXES.

DRINKERS IN PAPER AND TWINE.

JOB PRINTING.

THE

AMERICAN Steam Laundry

The only place in the city where the

LONE HOLLOW;

Or, The Peril of the Penitents.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story.

"Instead of coming to Lone Hollow he

hid in a cave, once a counterfeiter's resort

in Hangman's Gulch. Sometimes he had

moments of sanity, but they were of short

duration. He led a hermit life, and watched

to meet Lawrence Brandon. He did not

him finally, and recognized him. He bro-

with the intention of taking life. Somehow,

it seems that Brandon, alias Starbright,

lived to concoct further schemes of villainy,

among them the poisoning of Grace Penroy,

that he might, through a forged will, seize

upon the million left by Morgan Vandible."

"That will be a forgery."

"Keep quiet," ordered Lura.

"I have come near to the end of my

story," proceeded Dr. Colton, with the ut-

most gravity. "Before you went to Cali-

fornia you had sought to win the hand of

Miss Joyce. She read your character and

despised you. Afterward, when she learned

that you were at Lone Hollow, she re-

solved to leave your designs upon her.

"By heaven! this is too much," grated

the Captain, white and trembling, at the

same time coming to his feet. "This plot

arranged between you and this shameless

girl will not succeed. In good faith, I tell

you, here I see the friend of Karl Vandible."

"Do you deny that you attempted to

murder the doctor?"

"I do, most emphatically."

"You did not strike him down in Ca-

ifornia?"

"No."

"You did not set hired assassins on his

track but a few weeks since, and sink his

body in a dark pool in the woods?"

"White, stern, grim as fate," was the face

of Dr. Arthur Colton, as he put these

questions swiftly to the trembling man be-

fore him.

"N—n—n—n," faltered Captain Starbright,

reeling and cringing.

"Then, perhaps, you will dare deny these

things to another witness?"

"Dr. Colton turned swiftly and flung wide

the door, and crossed the threshold.

Captain Starbright glared wildly into the

face of the foremost man, then he uttered a

great cry of agony and terror. The dead

had indeed come back to earth to stand as a

witness against him.

"Karl Vandible alive!"

Then the shattered spirit sank weakly,

and Captain Starbright fell heavily in his

chair, covering his face to shut out the view.

Before them stood the man we have

known as Don Benito, the maniac. Now

there was the light of reason glowing in his

eyes, yet he was thin and pale, and leaned

on the arm of his companion, an officer, for

support.

"I am not dead, Lawrence Brandon,"

he cried, in a hoarse, broken voice.

"A blow from your hand clouded

my brain and sent me forth a demented

wanderer upon the earth. A weight of

years has weighed me down. I did not for-

give the man who struck that blow, the

man I trusted and confided in only to be

murdered, almost, by his treachery.

"Your last attempt upon my life proved

as futile as the first, thanks to this brave

doctor and his equally brave helper, Lura

Joyce. Both were on hand to rescue me

from the watery grave into which you

murderers had cast me. I am now free,

loose at the outset. I was unconscious for

some time, and these friends conveyed me

to Stonedell in a light vehicle. The shock

of the attack was terrible, but it served the

good turn to restore my reason.

"From the hour of my regaining conscious-

ness I knew every thing. My head is yet

sore, and I am very weak, yet I managed

last night to ascend you to the brink of

the forest pool, where you had gone to con-

template your latest villainy. I had been

the cave after something fell there by me,

and I had seen you moving toward the pool.

"And now," said Karl Vandible, "tell us

about the others, the will, and—"

"Every thing that met me was true,

even to forging the name of your brother

to that will. He never would have changed

the first one had he not supposed you dead

never."

The dying man was breathing huskily.

Soon he opened his lips and told the story

of his villainy, confessing every thing.

"Now, now, now, now, forgive me for

the wrong I did, Karl—Karl, you who

were once my friend!" faltered the dying

man at the last.

Karl thought of his own sufferings, of the

dead brother hastened to his grave by

poison administered by the hand of the man

before him, and remained silent.

"You can not!" groined the dying man.

"A higher power may look there, not to

me," answered Vandible, in tones of so-

lemn gravity.

Then the sinking man gasped, attempted

to speak, but failed. A convulsive shudder

passed through his frame, a gasp and then

silence—the man of evil was dead.

With his death comes the ending of our

story. We have no desire to prolong the

narrative. Through the efforts of Lura

Joyce, assisted at the last by Dr. Colton,

retribution had overtaken the man who had

staked his soul in the struggle for fortune.

He had murdered, and the destruction of the

law had overtaken him. He had murdered,

the forged will was cast aside and the gen-

uine probated, which was satisfactory to

all, Penroy having the promise of

ample money as well as a home while

he lived, and Grace the snug sum of twenty

thousand dollars a year. This was enough

to marry on, Ventwood and Grace believed,

and they consequently acted upon it and

were united early the following spring.

Lawyer Gripe, fearing prosecution for

his part in the transaction with Lawrence

Brandon, left Stonedell and was seen there

no more.

Mother Cabrera and her sons were arrested

on their reappearance at Lone Hollow and

were sent to prison for a term of years.

Yes, what of her who had proved the

guardian angel of the Penroys? She won

Dr. Arthur Colton, certainly, and became

his happy wife a year after the death of the

wicked Brandon, alias Starbright.

On the wedding morn Karl Vandible ac-

complished the bride with a certificate of

deposition in the Stonedell Bank, in her name,

for the sum of twenty thousand dollars.

"I owe every thing to you, brave little

woman," he said, gravely, "and you must

accept this in slight recompense."

It proved the nest-egg for a future fortune.

THE END.

A CAPITAL ANECDOTE

How Dr. Dwight Made the Acquaintance

of Dennis, the American Addison.

As Dr. Dwight, the celebrated president

of Yale College, seventy odd years ago,

was traveling through New Jersey, he

chanced to stop at a stage hotel, in one of

its populous towns, for the night, says the

New York Herald, a late hour of the

same, Mr. Dennis (a once noted writer),

arrived also at the inn, and had the mis-

fortune to learn from the landlord that his

beds were all paired with outsiders, ex-

cept one, occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight.

"Show me to his apartment," exclaimed

Dennis, "although I am a stranger to the

Rev. Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with

him for my lodging."

The landlord accordingly waited on Mr.

Dennis to the doctor's room, and there left

him to introduce himself. The doctor, al-

though he was not at all sure that he was

not a stranger to the doctor, nevertheless

justly ready to resign himself to the re-

freshing arms of Somnus, politely request-

ed the strange intruder to be seated. The

doctor, struck by the manner, and the phys-

ical and distinguished characters, for some

time gave a seat and interest to their

conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to

"And now," said Karl Vandible, "tell us

about the others, the will, and—"

"Every thing that met me was true,

even to forging the name of your brother

to that will. He never would have changed

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